

Comics downloaded from the website
Newcomic.org



www.newcomic.org - The best site with comics



www.comicsall.net



P

ANIC

THIS IS

NO MAGAZINE.

THIS IS HUMOR IN

A VARICOSE VEIN. AND IF YOU'RE

CLOSE ENOUGH TO READ THIS LITTLE TYPE,

THEN YOU'RE CLOSE ENOUGH TO BUY IT ALREADY!

NO.
8

NO.
8

DEC
2.50

DEC
2.50

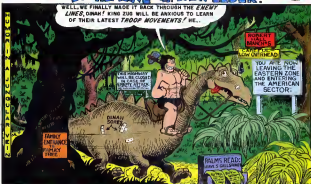
3.65
CANADA

3.65
CANADA

STONE-AGE-TYPE COMIC STRIPS DEPT. (AN ENGLISH-SPEAKING HEANDERTHAL MAN FOR A HERO, DIVISION): YOU'RE PROBABLY ALL FAMILIAR WITH THIS CARTOON STRIP, THE ONE DEVOTED TO PRE-HISTORIC MONSTERS, FILDOWN FUNSTERS, AND AB-ORIGINAL JOKES. SO LET'S ALL HOP INTO DR. LOSSPOUS'S AMAZING TIME-MACHINE AND ZIP BACK OVER THE CENTURIES...BACK MILLIONS OF YEARS...TO THAT MYSTICAL KINGDOM OF MOOLA...AND TAKE A SATIRICAL LOOK AT THAT MESSENGER MESS...

IRVING COOP

BY LO. HEMLINE (BUT I MEAN ELDER)



WELL, OOPS? WHAT HAVE YOU TO REPORT ON THE ENEMY'S MOVEMENTS?

PLENTY, KING SUR! IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GETTING READY FOR A LONG SIEGE! THEY'VE BEEN BRINGING IN A WHOLE LOT OF RAW MATERIAL!



RAW MATERIAL, HUH? WHAT KIND OF RAW MATERIAL?

THE REAL GOOD STUFF, KING! MARILYN MONROE CALENDARS... ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKS (THE KING CAVEMEN LIKE). SURE THAT IS PRETTY RAW MATERIAL!



HMM! THIS CALLS FOR A COUNCIL OF WAR! GOT ANY IDEAS ON THE SUBJECT, GRAND BUNGER?



I'LL SAY!

WOULD YOU PLEASE FOR BUNGER? HMM?

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO, YOUR MAJESTY! WE'VE GOT TO GO OVER THERE AND WHOP THEM ENEMY WUSSIN! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE AWAY THEIR CLUBS... AND KNIVES... AND STONE AXES... AND THE REST OF THEIR RAW MATERIAL!



FEAR! DON'T FORGET THAT RAW MATERIAL!

FOREVER! MORE!

HOO-HOO? IRVING, DOOLALAH! GOLL! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO COME BACK!



OH, IRVING! CRUSH ME IN THOSE STRONG MANLY FOREARMS OF YOURS!

ALL FOUR OF THEM?

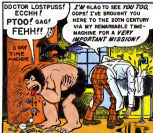


BOLLY, DOOLALAH! IT'S GOOD TO BE IN YOUR ARMS LIKE THIS ONCE MORE!



CONTROL YOURSELF, OOPS!

DOWN BOY! DOWN!



DOCTOR LOSTPUSS!
ECCHH!
PTOO! SAG!
FEHH!!

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU TOO, DOGS!
I'VE BROUGHT YOU
HERE TO THE 20TH CENTURY
VIA MY REMARKABLE TIME-
MACHINE FOR A VERY
IMPORTANT MISSION!



MISSION... SMYSSION? I
WANNA GET BACK AND DO
SOME MISSION... I MEAN
RISSIN'! YET ALLA TIME
INTERRUPTIN' ME AN MY
GIRL FRIEND OOGALA AT
THE MOST CRUCIAL
MOMENT!

BUT, IRVING? YOU
HAVE NO IDEA OF THE
PROGRESS I HAVE
BEEN MAKING WITH THE
TIME MACHINE! I CAN'T
ABANDON ALL
THAT!



OH, YEAP? WELL, WHAT ABOUT
THE PROGRESS I'VE BEEN MAKING
WITH OOGALA? YOU EXPECT ME
TO ABANDON ALL THAT? SO LONG,
DOGS! I'LL SEE YOU IN A COUPLE
OF MILLION YEARS!

MORNING...OR
AFTERNOON?



WHERE DID YOU DISAPPEAR?
I WAS CALLED AWAY ON SOME
TO, DOGS, HONEY! VERY
IMPORTANT
BUSINESS...

IT'S POSSIBLE TO
CONTRACT OOGALA
COULD ACTUALLY
BE A REAL PEE
POSSIBLE!



BUT, DON'T WORRY! IT WON'T HAPPEN
AGAIN! NOW WHERE WERE WE BEFORE
WE WUZ SO RUDELY INTERRUPTED?

YOU WERE ABOUT TO
CRUSH ME...USING...WITH
YOUR POWERFUL FINGERS!
ALL THREE OF THEM?

WELL, WHO-BOY!
HARD YET SOFT
FLASKING!



WHICH REMINDS ME, IRVING!
HOW COME YOU GOT SUCH
BIBANTIC FOREARMS AND
SUCH POINT UPPER ARMS?

I DUNNO!
POOR
CIRCULATION, I GUESS™

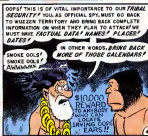


WELL, IF IT
ISN'T IRVING?
SO YOU
FINALLY
FOUND THE
NERVE!

NOW WHAT? EVERY TIME I GET
TO FEELING TENDER AND
ROMANTIC LIKE THIS, SOME-
BODY COMES ALONG AND
BREAKS THE SPELL!

IT'S YOUR
PREHISTORIC
PAL FUZZY
WHO ALWAYS
SPEAKS IN
RHYME!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, IRVING DOGS HAS VERY
GOOD CIRCULATION...334 PAPERS AT THE LAST
COURT -- EGG.



LISTEN, BUDWISER! I WILL NOT STOP BOTHERIN' ME WITH THOSE FARSHLUGGER CALENDARS ALREADY!



NOW, WHERE WERE WE DOOLALA? OH, YEAH! I WAS ABOUT TO CRUSH YOU IN MY BRAWNY BICEPS!



B-STOP IT! STOP RUBBING AND CRUSHING ME! YOU'RE SQUEEZING THE LIFE OUT OF ME!



ALL ONE OF THEM!

LISTEN, OOPS! I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC MISSION FOR YOU TO PERFORM! FOR CENTURIES, WE PALEOLOGISTS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO DISCOVER PRIMITIVE MAN'S FIRST CRUDE ATTEMPTS AT RECORDING TIME AND THE SEASONS!



WILL YOU PEOPLE CUT IT OUT WITH THOSE FARSHMILT CALENDARS ALREADY!



ONE OF THESE PANELS, I'M GOING TO LOSE MY TEMPER... LIKE THIS!

INTERRUPTIONS! INTERRUPTIONS! I'M GOING BACK TO THE FOREST'S PRIME EVIL! IF YOU WANT ME, I'LL BE AT DOOLALA'S CAVE IN THE YEAR 512.



A.D. B.C. A.C. B.C. A.D. B.C. A.C. B.C. A.D. B.C. A.C. B.C.

WE WOULD CLIPPING!



AH, HERE COMES IRVING... BACK FROM THE 20TH CENTURY? I'Q RECOGNIZE HIS EARLY PHYSIQUE ANYWHERE...THOSE POWERFUL FOOTBALL-SHAPED CALVES AND FOREARMS...THOSE SPAGHETTI-SHAPED THINGS AND UPPER ARMS! IN OTHER WORDS...**WASSA FILT-DOWN!**



OH, DARLING, IT'S SO **WONDERFUL** TO SEE YOU'RE **BACK!**

IT'S NICE T'SEE **PERS FOG**, **HONEY!**
SMACK KISS



HEY! YOU'RE NOT SAYING DOGS! YOU'RE POOPIN' THE SAILOR MAN!

I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' THAT'S ALL THAT I YAM!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK HERE, POOPIN'?

I JUS' DROPPED BY T'SEE IF DOGS COULD BET ME SOME OF THEM ILLUSTRATED COMICAL BOOKS! YOU KNOW! THE ONE SAILOR MEN LIKE! CLK! CLK!

BWA...?

WASSA FILT-DOWN!

FOR YOUR **STONE-AGE SCRAPBOOK SPECTOSAURUS** LIVED ON GRASS, LEAVES, AND OTHER GREENERY



HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE T' TELL YOU TO KEEP YOUR **CARTOON-PIGGIN' HANDS OFF MY STRIP!**

THAT'S RICE, BUT **DON'T FIGHT!**

AWWWW... T' SEE YOU!

WHUMFF



WELL, DOOLALA! THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO INTER-BUT US **NOW!** I'VE KILLED OFF FUZZY, THE SUBWIZER, KING EUG, DOG LOSTPUS, AND POOPIN' THE SAILOR!

SO WHO'S **WATCHING THE STORE??**

AW BOY... HAVE YOU STILL GOT **DANDRUFF!**



NOW THAT WE ARE COMPLETELY ALONE, I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU TO DO ME A **FAVOR, IRVING!**

ANYTHIN', HONEY! ANYTHIN'!

NEXT TIME YOU'RE IN WUZZIN, WOULD YOU PICK ME UP A RICE **POCKETBOOK?**



SURE, BABY! WHAT KIND DO YOU LIKE? THEY GOT LIZARD-TROLOSDYTE... WOOLY RHINOCERUS...

NO! NO! I WEAR THE **OTHER** KIND OF **POCKET BOOK...** THE **KIND HEARDERLAL WOMEN LIKE!**

HERE I THOUGHT YOU LOVED ME
FOR MYSELF ALONE... AN' ALL
THE TIME, YOU WERE JUST AFTER
MY POCKET-BOOKS!

GOOD
LORD!
SHORE...

WELL... YA ONLY BECAUSE...
BUT YA GET RID OF THAT
DANDYLUFF!

**POW
CRACK**

GAH! I'M THROUGH WITH HUMAN BEINGS! THE ONLY
REALLY TRUE FRIEND I HAVE IN THE WORLD IS
DINAH THE DINOSAUR! DINAH NEVER ASKS ME FOR
ANY FIDDS...

...MAINLY BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T
HAVE ANY POCKET BOOKS!

FOR YOUR
STONE-AGE SCRAPBOOK:
LOTSATS SAURUS

THIS CREATURE
WROTE ITSELF
1) INTO EXTINCTION
& OVER 8,000,000
YEARS AGO!

DINAH, OL' GIRL, YOU'RE
THE ONLY ONE WHO'S
REALLY FAITHFUL
TO ME! GOOD OL'
DINAH!

LOOKIT HER, THE POOR DUMB CREATURE.
SHE'S TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING!

LOOKIT HER STRAINING HER FEA-SIZED
PALEOZOIC BRAIN, TRYING TO
COMMUNICATE WITH ME!

PROBABLY TRYING TO TELL
ME HOW MUCH SHE LOVES ME!

AWWWH?

KAW YEW
GET ME
SOME OF
THEM TIL
I'VE RATED
MYSELF BOOKS
-TAS KUND
REPTILES,
LOVE...AHH!

THIS OLD CRAB IS
OVER 8,000,000
YEARS OLD!

MUSEUM
UNNATURAL
HISTORY

DINOSAUR

ESTIMATED TO BE ABOUT 12,000,000 YEARS
OLD. PRESUMED TO HAVE DIED OF A CRACK
ON THE SKULL FROM A BLUNT INSTRUMENT,
SUCH AS A STONE-AGE TYPE AXE.

INTERESTIN',
HUH, SON?

GAH! PFFT!
HEY, MAC!
WANNA BUY
SOME PREHISTORIC-
TYPE ILLUSTRATED
COMIC BOOKS? GOT
BACK ISSUES O'
E.C. HORTON!

THE
END

Continuing with its policy of presenting samples of the kinds of journalistic efforts the American people are subjected to in their daily newspapers, Panic magazine now brings you its impression of the critical-review type column. The guy who writes this gem is usually a frustrated actor, playwright, or director who unleashes his fury over failure at the more talented and successful of these professions. His column is usually called something like:

IT SHOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED LAST NIGHT

by Basil Metabolism

An exceptionally dramatic and artistic new play might have been presented at the Broadhussy Theater last night. But it wasn't. The curtain, a dismal grey velveteen affair with moth holes, patches, and a chattie mortgage, instead arose on a masterpiece of drivel entitled "Love me, love my Psychiatrist." It needn't have bothered. What ensued was the worst production I have ever received free tickets to. The script should have been buried, it was that dead. As it was, thirteen talented actors and actresses desperately wandered over the stage looking for a plot for it.

Irving Potrzebie, the unfortunate young man who calls himself the author of this monstrosity, has woven a thinly constructed veil around the age-old eternal triangle theme, with a Psychiatrist playing the part of the hypotenuse. Needless to say, this innovation lends nothing to the performance except some Freudian quotations that don't even apply to the action.

The director, Melvin Smedley, amazingly enough, did wonders with absolutely nothing. Melvin is an exceptionally gifted young man. He is sure to go places on Broadway. He is sure to be rich and famous. He'd better be, as my daughter has expensive taste and they're getting married next week.

The star, Ingrid Vickershmidt, one of Bavaria's most beautiful dramatic actresses, who doesn't speak a word of English, delivered her phonetic lines admirably. As the neurotic wife, her performance was astonishing and convincing. Especially when she screamed and shrieked and stamped her feet and scratched the face of that man in the fourth row who coughed during her one short speech.

The lighting was brilliant. During the scene in the Psychiatrist's office, when everything was suddenly thrown into utter confusion, due to the fact that the prop man had forgotten the necessary box of Kleenex, Miss Vickershmidt was saved by a clever electrician who threw her his lena-rag.

One cannot overlook the sets. They were cleverly conceived and even more cleverly constructed. The use of the revolving portion of the stage as a long-play record, during the scene where Miss Vickershmidt dreams she is a magnetic cartridge in the tone-arm of her husband's high fidelity phonograph, was a stroke of sheer genius. I do hope, though, that a more suitable arrangement might be made for Miss Vickershmidt to play "Lieberstraum," when she returns to the cast after her stay in the hospital, than by using her nose as the needle.

All in all, "Love me, love my Psychiatrist" was a pathetic attempt at entertainment. Neither the acting, the brilliant direction, the exceptional lighting, nor the fine settings could save the thoroughly miserable script. I always knew Irving Potrzebie couldn't write, even back when we were in college together and he won the drama prize and I didn't. I remember the play I wrote for my entry. Just to show you how unfair it was, I'll tell you

(cont. on pg. 73)

HIGH CLASS CULTURE DEPT. (MUSIC WITH WORDS YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND 'CAUSE THEY'RE IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE DIVISION): THERE'S BEEN TOO MUCH *TALK* LATELY ABOUT *COMING BOOKS DISCOURAGING* THE YOUNGER READER FROM DEVELOPING A TASTE FOR THE MORE *ESTHETIC ART FORMS*. IN ORDER TO *SPICE* THIS NASTY RUMOR, *PARIS MAGAZINE* DEVOTES THE NEXT SIX PAGES TO THE SPIRITUALLY UPLIFTING MEDIUM OF *GRAND OPERA*, AND PRESENTS, FOR YOUR EDIFICATION AND ENJOYMENT, BIZET'S IMMORTAL...

CARMEN

AND MY ATTENTION!...BECAUSE THERE WILL BE QUESTIONS ASKED LATER ON!
(...PROBABLY BY A SENATE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE!)

DON'T BLAME THIS ON
SOME ONE ELSE!
WE ONLY OPEN IT!
(ONE WEEKLY)



FOR THAT EXTRA-ADDED *CULTURAL FOOSH*, WE HAVE ENLISTED THE SERVICE OF THAT WORLD-FAMOUS OPERA DEVOTEE, MR. MELVIN KRIDS, WHO WILL EXPLAIN THE LIBRETTO OF THE OPERA, AS IT PROCEEDS, TO ALL US *UNCULTURED SLOBS*...

"...AND I DO BELIEVE THE *PERFORMANCE* IS ABOUT TO GET UNDER *WAY*. THE MUSICIANS HAVE FINISHED TUNING THEIR *INSTRUMENTS*. THE PERFORMERS ARE TAKING THEIR PLACES *BACK-STAGE*. THE CONDUCTOR IS HAVING FOR *ATTENTION*. HE'S LIFTING HIS BATON. THE HOUSE LIGHTS ARE *DIMMING*..."

"THE HOUSE LIGHTS ARE *STILL DIMMING*? THEY'RE GETTING *DIMMER AND DIMMER*... AND *DIMMER*... AND... *DOESN'T*...

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

I TOLD YOU TO GOING THAT *CHECK* TO THE *ELECTRIC COMPANY*, MR. KING!

JOHN! JOHN!
MARNA! MARNA!



AND NOW, THE CURTAIN RISES ON ACT 3 OF 'CARMEN!' THE SETTING IS DEVILLE. THE YEAR IS 1920. A PEASANT GIRL, MICHAELA, STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE VILLAGE SQUARE. SHE ASKS:



AT THIS POINT, THE TEMPESTUOUS CARMEN MAKES HER ENTRANCE. SHE IS EARLY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE CIGARETTE ROLLERS. SHE SPES DON JOSÉ, A CORPORAL IN THE SPANISH ARMY, AND DECIDES THEN AND THERE THAT HE WILL BE HER NEXT LOVER. SHE SINGS...



BUT THE DASHING CORPORAL SHOWS NO INTEREST IN THE FIERY GYPSY AND TELLS HER SO IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS ...WHICH IS EXPRESSED IN THE LITTING AREA! 'LARGUE EST UNE GIGANT REELLE'. ENGLISH TRANSLATION: 'THE RED PENCIL BOX IS ON THE TABLE'.



THE NOON WHISTLE FRONTENDS MICHAELA AND SHE RUNS OFF-STAGE AS THE SAN CARLOS CIGARETTE ROLLERS RUSH OUT OF THE FACTORY FOR LUNCH, GIVING VENT TO THEIR JOY WITH THE ROLLINGING AIN! LA POMME VERTE EST DANS LE JARDIN! KNOWN IN ENGLISH AS: "COME, JOSEPHINE, IT GIVES FREE BUDGING!"



HER WILD GYPSY PASSION AROUSED BY THE SIGHT OF THE HAPLESS ONE DRAGON, CARMEN TOSSED DON JOSÉ A ROSE IN AN ATTEMPT TO CATCH HIS EYE...



... WHICH SHE MANAGES TO DO, DESPITE HAVING THE SUN IN HER EYES. ...



JUST THEN, MICHAELA, DON JOSÉ'S STEP-SISTER, REAPPEARS WITH A MESSAGE FROM THEIR POOR OLDMOTHER. THE TWO THEN SING THE LYRICAL Duet! 'LE REPARAD POUVE POUVE LA POULE BLANCHE ET BRIST'. WHICH IS IMPOSSIBLE TO TRANSLATE ...



CARMEN, MEANWHILE, PERSUDED BY THE HANDSOME DON JOSÉ, RELIEVES HER PENT-UP FRUSTRATION BY PLAYFULLY TAKING IT OUT ON A FELLOW CIGARETTE ROLLER. CARMEN ACCOMPLISHES THIS BY SLIPPING A SHIV BETWEEN HER 7TH AND 8TH RIBS... WHICH INSPIRES THE GIRL TO GIVE VOICE TO THE TRAGIC LAMENT...



DON JOSÉ, LEFT TO GUARD THE CAPTURED CARMEN, BEGINS TO WEAKEN UNDER THE SEDULING SPELL OF THIS TANTALIZING STUFF. HE JOINS HER IN THE WELDOCK: "VOTRE CRÈPE JE VOUS LE RENVOIE... OH 'YOU' DO, AND YOU'LL CLEAN IT UP..."



DON JOSÉ, BY NOW COMPLETELY BEWITCHED BY CARMEN'S CHARM, ALLOWS HER TO ESCAPE, BUT NOT BEFORE ARRANGING A RENDEZ-VOUS THAT EVENING AT THE LOCAL CABARET... AND WITH THAT, THE CURTAIN FALLS ON ACT I...



ACT II TAKES PLACE IN LILLAS PASTIES THEATRE... A VERITABLE CEN OF THEATRE, OUT-TARGETS, AND COMIC BOOK ARTISTS. AS THE CURTAIN RISES, WE FIND CARMEN SINGING AN IMPROMPTU DANCE IN HONOR OF ESCAMILLO, THE VAIN, FEARLESS TOREADOR... THE IDOL OF ALL SPAIN...



AT THIS POINT, DON JOSÉ ENTERS THE CABARET AND IS ONCE MORE STRUCK BY THE DAZZLING BEAUTY OF CARMEN. HE SITS ENTRANCED AS SHE SERENADES HIM WITH THE BEAUTIFUL "LE PAPILLON ET LA MOUCHE À POMME"... ROUGHLY TRANSLATED: "AN YOUNG MAN'S MOUNTAIN..."



SUDDENLY, THE LOVERS' TRYST IS INTERRUPTED BY THE ARRIVAL OF CAPTAIN ZUNGA, HANDSOME DON JOSÉ'S C.O., WHO ORDERS THE TREADOR TO RETURN TO HIS PLATOON... BUT BOOM! DON JOSÉ'S PASSION FOR THE TEMPESTUOUS CARMEN IS TOO STRONG, HOWEVER, AND HE REFUSES. A BATTLE FOLLOWS, DURING WHICH THE TWO SOLDIERS BLEND VOICES IN THE ROUSING...



THE DUEL IS BROUGHT TO A SCREECHING HALT BY THE INTERVENTION OF CARMEN'S HENCHMEN, WHO, IN A SURPRISE ON-OF-SAC, FIND AND SAVE THE HELPLESS CAPTAIN...



AND SO, DON JOSÉ, UNWILLING TO SUFFER THE WRATH OF HIS COMMANDING OFFICERS, IS FORCED TO DESERT THE ARMY AND JOIN CARMEN'S GYPSY BAND. THE ACT IS CURTAIN DESCENDS TO THE LIVELY STRAINS OF: "LA MAISON EST PETITE, ET DEVANT LA MAISON DANT LE BOIS EST LE LOUP"... OR "WE'RE GONNA EAT BEST SOUP TILL WE SORROCH".



ACT III IS SET AT THE GYPSY'S MOUNTAIN HIDEAWAY. AS THE CURTAIN GOES UP, WE FIND DON JOSÉ, A SMUGGLER FOR THE PAST 3 MONTHS, STANDING GUARD OUTSIDE THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE...



HOMESICK FOR THE HAPPYARMY LIFE HE HAS ABANDONED AND CONSCIENCE-STRIKEN OVER HIS PRESENT LIFE OF CRIME, HE SINGS THE HAUNTING ARIAS: "DOYVEZ VOYRE BOUONE ET PARLEZ DISTINGUENT"... WHICH MEANS: "PLEASE COME IN THE FOREMAN... BECAUSE YOU HAD-A-ETTER YOUR TWO CENTS IN".



CARMEN COMES UPON THE SCENE AND THE UNHAPPY EX-CORPORAL BEGS HER TO GIVE UP THIS WILD GYPSY LIFE AND RUN AWAY WITH HIM. SHE REFUSES...



SUDDENLY, DON JOSÉ SEES A STRANGER MAKING HIS WAY UP THE MOUNTAIN PATH. RECOGNIZING HIM AS ESCARILLO, THE BULLFIGHTER, COME TO WOO CARMEN, HE OPENS FIRE IN A JEALOUS RAGE...



THE TWO SUITORS ENGAGE IN A FITTED BATTLE FOR THE HAND OF CARMEN, AND IT IS ONLY HER INTERVENTION WHICH KEEPS THEM FROM KILLING ONE ANOTHER...



ESCAMILLO LEAVES, BUT NOT BEFORE INVITING THE STYPIDES TO BEVILLE THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY TO WATCH HIM THROW THE BULL. THIS IS DONE WITH AN INTRICATE CUE, MADE DOUBLY DIFFICULT BY THE FACT THAT HE SINGS BOTH PARTS HIMSELF...



MICHAELA SHOWS UP AGAIN. SHE HAS COME TO THE GYPSY CAMP TO TELL DON JOSE THAT HIS MOTHER IS DYING AND WISHES TO SPEAK TO HIM. WE NOW HEAR THE FAMOUS CUE: "EN TOUTES LES PORTES, CHERCHEZ LA FEMME". ENGLISH TRANSLATION: "IF YOU'RE TAKING THE CAR PORTS, BE CAREFUL, BECAUSE I'LL BE OUT WALKING".



AS THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE FOURTH AND FINAL ACT, IT IS THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY. WE SEE CARMEN, WHO HAS DISOBEYED DON JOSE'S INSTRUCTIONS, AT THE BULL-FIGHT ARENA IN BEVILLE, WAITING TO SEE ESCAMILLO PERFORM...



CARMEN, CURIOUS AS TO HOW HER AFFAIR WITH THE TORERO WILL END, TURNS TO THE FORTUNE-TELLER'S CARDS FOR THE ANSWER. BUT NO MATTER HOW THE CARDS ARE SHUFFLED AND RESHUFFLED, THE ANSWER ALWAYS COMES OUT THE SAME... OOOOM! THIS PROMPTS HER TO SING THE MOURNFUL ARIA: "FERMEZ LA PORTE, DIT-VOUS PLUTÔT... OR 'WHO DEALT THE DEED'...



BEFORE SETTING OUT ON HIS LONG JOURNEY, THE LOVE-SICK DON JOSE VISITS CARMEN'S TENT AND WARNS HER NOT TO LEAVE THE CAMP UNTIL HE RETURNS. HE VOWS TO KILL HER IF SHE OBEYS, WITH THIS GREARY NOTE, THE CURTAIN COMES HURTLING DOWN ON ACT II.



THE COLORFUL PAGEANT OF THE BULL FIGHT UNFOLDS WITH THE ENTRANCE OF THE MATADORS, THE PICADORS, AND THE TOREADORS THROUGH THE SWINGING DOORS... FOLLOWED BY A PROCESSION OF CUEPIEDORS...



NOW THE GREAT ESCAMILLO APPEARS. HE STRIDES ACROSS THE SAND AND LANISHES A DEEP BOW ON CARMEN, THEREBY DEDICATING THE FIRST BULL TO HER. IN AN IDEALLY TENDER GESTURE, THE RAVENING GYPSY REMOVES THE FLOWER FROM HER HAIR AND TOSSES IT TO ESCAMILLO...



DON JOSÉ TRIES ALL MANNER OF PERSUASION TO WIN BACK THE HEART OF THE FIDGIE GYPSY. HE CONFRONTS HER WITH THE PLEADING TRAGIC ARIA: "DONNEZ-MOI UN CHAÎNE D'ORNOU, MON PETIT!"... OR "I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CAGE!"



BUT CARMEN'S ONLY ANSWER TO DON JOSÉ'S ARDENT PROTESTATIONS OF LOVE IS TO TAUNT HIM WITH THE NAME OF ESCAMILLO, HER NEWLY-ACQUIRED LOVER. THEN SHE LAUGHS IN HIS FACE WITH THE DELIGHT-FULLY LYRICAL...



A FRIEND OF CARMEN ADVISES HER THAT DON JOSÉ IS OUTSIDE THE ARENA AND WANTS TO SPEAK WITH HER. SHE ADVISES CARMEN AGAINST GOING, FEARSING VIOLENCE ON THE PART OF THE EX-CORPORAL. BUT CARMEN, WITH TYPICAL GYPSY FOOLHARDINESS, FEELS IT WILL BE FUN TO TAUNT THE DISTRACTED LOVER...



NOW, DON JOSÉ REALIZES THAT HE HAS BEEN BETRAYED BY THE WOMAN FOR WHOM HE TOSSED ASIDE A PROMISING ARMY CAREER. IN A FINAL, TUMULTUOUS DART, HE PLUNGES INTO A RAGE, AND PLUNGES A KNIFE INTO HER HEART TO THE STRAINS OF...



THE EMBITTERED LOVER, REALIZING WHAT HE HAS DONE, THROWS HIMSELF ACROSS THE LIFELESS BODY OF CARMEN AND CURSES THE CRUEL INJUSTICE OF LIFE. ESCAMILLO, MEANWHILE, LEAVES THE ARENA WITH NEW-FOUND ADMIREES ON EACH ARM, SCARCELY CONCERNED WITH CARMEN'S DEATH. AS THE CURTAIN DESCENDS, THE ENTIRE CHORUS JOINS IN THE STIRRING STRAINS OF: "LE BRAVEMENT LE PETITE FILS FORT! LE GROS BRAS ARMÉ!" WHICH MEANS: "WOMEN CAN'T BUT HAPPEN, BUT IF SOME HELPS MAKE A BIG DOWRY-MENT..."



ON SEPT. 18TH, 1903, TRIAL WAS HELD IN SUPERIOR COURT FOR IN AND AROUND THE COUNTY OF SEVILLE. THE DEFENDENT, DON JOSÉ, WAS FOUND "GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE" AND SENTENCED TO WATCH ALL OF NEXT SEASON'S PRESENTATIONS AT THE "MET," WHICH IS A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH! I KNOW! DUM-DUM-DUM!

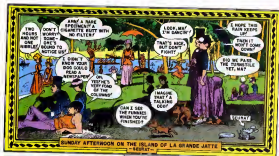


ART APPRECIATION DEPT: EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, YOU HEAR ABOUT FAMOUS PAINTINGS UNDERGOING REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATIONS WHILE IN THE PROCESS OF BEING CLEANED AND RESTORED. NEW DETAILS APPEAR, OLD DETAILS DISAPPEAR, COSTUME CHANGES TAKE PLACE, DAY TURNS INTO NIGHT AND VICE VERSA, AND NEW MEANINGS TO THESE MASTERPIECES ARE SUDDENLY REVEALED. RECENTLY THE EDITORS OF PAMC HAVE BEEN SNEAKING AROUND MUSEUMS AND ART GALLERIES WITH ALL KINDS NARS AND ALL KINDS CLEANING FLUIDS. AFTER MUCH DILIGENT SCOMPING AND SCOMPING, WE ARE ABLE TO PRESENT, FOR THE FIRST TIME, HITHERTO UNDISCOVERED DETAILS FOUND IN SOME OF THE "WORKS OF THE OLD MASTERS" YOU HAVE BEEN ADMIRING ALL YOUR LIFE. JOIN US NOW AS...

PANIC PEEKS INTO SOME OLD UNDER PAINTS









THE NIGHT WATCH
—REMNANT—



THE GULF STREAM
—REMNANT—



THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM
—REMNANT—



ARAB RIGER ATTACKED BY A LION
—BELACROB—



JOHN ARNOLFINI AND HIS WIFE
—KAR STOK—



OF EUROPA
—TRAM—



PORTRAIT OF KING CHARLES I
—VAN STOK—



THE CLEANERS
—WILLET—



RE-ISSUED FILM CLASSIC DEPT: (IT MADE MONEY ONCE, IT CAN DO IT AGAIN...BECAUSE THIS TIME THEY NEED IT! DIVISION): BY NOW, THERE PROBABLY ISN'T A PERSON IN THE UNITED STATES OVER SIX YEARS OLD WHO WASN'T SEEN THIS STIRRING EPIC OF THE DEEP SOUTH AT LEAST ONCE...SO THERE'S NO SENSE GIVING YOU OUR VERSION OF THE WHOLE STORY FROM BEGINNING TO END. BESIDES...IT'S FOUR HOURS LONG AND WE ONLY GOT SEVEN PAGES! INSTEAD, WE THOUGHT WE'D JUST REMIND YOU OF A FEW OF THE OUTSTANDING HIGHLIGHTS AND MORE MEMORABLE DRAMATIC SCENES FROM THE GREATEST L'I'L OL' LOVE YARN EVER FILMED...THAT STIRRING TALE OF AN ERA OF LUX-URIOUS LIVING, GRINDING SHIRTS, AND ROSEPOPPIES, WHICH CAME TO AN END WITH THE BLOODY, BORY CIVIL WAR. HONEY CHILE, WE'RE TALKIN' 'BOUT...

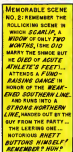
GONE WITH THE WIDOW

MEMORABLE SCENE NO. 1: THE FIRST THRILLING MEETING BETWEEN BEAUTIFUL, PROUD, WILLFUL, TREACH-ERIOUS SCARLIP O'HARE...DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH'S RICHEST PLANTATION OWNER...AND HANDSOME, DASHING, MYSTERIOUS, SARDONIC RHETT BUTTONE...SON OF A GUN...WHO COULD EVER FORGET THIS THRILLING SCENE? WHO? HUH? WHO?...



REMEMBER IT WAS AT THE PARTY WHEN ASHCAN MILLS ANNOUNCED HIS ENGAGEMENT TO SACHAMEN-SWEET MALADIE HANIBEDOS. REMEMBER HOW SCARLIP TRIED TO MAKE ASHCAN JEALOUS, BY TEASING ALL OF THE ELISABLE BOYS THERE? HUH?







MEMORABLE SCENE NO. 3: REMEMBER THE POIGNANT SCENE IN WHICH SCARLIP, TRAPPED IN ATLANTA BY SHERMAN'S ADVANCING ARMY, HAS HER FIRST LESSONS IN SOUTHERN HOSPITAL-ITY, BY CARING FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS IN THE MAKE-SHIFT DISPENSARY SET UP IN THE SEIZED CITY'S POST-OFFICE. REMEMBER THE SORRY! UNUSUAL!



AND SAY...TALK ABOUT MEMORABLE SCENES! HOW ABOUT THE ONE IN WHICH SCARLIP AND RHETT ESCAPE THE BESIEGED AND BURNING CITY OF ATLANTA IN A STOLEN HORSE AND MARCH WITH MALAGIE AND HER NEW-BORN BABY IN THE SADDLE?

NOW ABOUT THAT?



DO TRY TO HURRY, RHETT! I WANT TO BE HOME IN TIME TO HEAR THE 10 P.M. NEWS WITH FRANK EDWARDS!

I'M DOING THE BEST I CAN, BABY...BUT IT'S TOUGH BEATING THIS BUSY-HOUR TRAFFIC! GIDDAP, ULYSES!



WELLCOME TO THE SOUTH

WELL, BABY! I GOT YOU THROUGH THE ENEMY LINES AND NOW I'M LEAVIN' YOU FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!

YOU'VE LEAP-BOUNDED THROUGH THE ENEMY LINES? BUT WHERE WILL YOU GO? WHAT WILL YOU DO?



WHY, I'M GONNA JOIN THE ARMY, SCARLIP! THERE MAY STILL BE TIME TO GET IN ON THAT 52-50 DEAL!

BUT, RHETT? YOU MIGHT BE KILLED IN THIS HORRIBLE OL' WAR! YOU MIGHT...

I'M NO FOOL, SCARLIP! THE WAR ENDED THREE DAYS AGO...AT APPAPTOMIX...HIPPOPOTIMUS...APPAPTOMAX...THE SOUTH SURRENDERED!



...BESIDES! WHAT COULD HAPPEN TO ME? I'M THE HERO...AND THE PICTURE ISN'T EVEN HALF OVER YET! NOW, O'MERE, AND GIVE ME A GREAT BIG HUG AND KISS FOR GETTING YOU HOME SAFELY...

I'M NOT THAT KIND OF A GUY, RHETT BUTTORS. AND WHAT WOULD THE NEIGHBORS THINK?



ONCE MORE RE-UNITED WITH HER FAMILY IN THE BELOVED RED EARTH OF YALA-RA-BOOM-FEE-AY, SCARLIP VOWS TO RESTORE THE BURNED, SHELL-POCKED LAND TO THE BEAUTIFUL, THRIVING COTTON PLANTATION IT ONCE WAS...AT ALL COSTS. AND SO, DORSELY, DETERMINED, SHE SETS TO WORK...SETS EVERYBODY TO WORK...

REMEMBER THIS SCENE!



LISTEN, DAUGHTER! YOU CAN'T DRIVE YOUR SISTERS THAT WAY! IT ISN'T FITTIN' T'DRIVE THEM THAT WAY! IT ISN'T HUMAN!

AW, SET TER COTTON-PICKIN' HANDS OFF ME, PA!



...AN' BESIDES! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A DRIVER'S LICENSE!

ARE THE HORSES SHOD LIKE I TOLD YOU?

HELLO! DID YOU SAY SHOD? I TOLD YOU!

QUICK, SCARLIP! THERE'S A M'ARR YANKEE MARAUDER IN THE HOUSE!

YOU JUST STAY HERE, MALAGIE! AN' I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT M'ARR YANKEE!





WELL, SISTER! WHY CAN'T YOU AN' ME BE FRIENDS? US #1'S! YANKEES DON'T HOLD NUTHIN' AGAINST YOU REBEL GIRLS! REMEMBER! TO ERR IS HUMAN...BUT IT FEELS DIVINE!

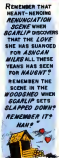
DON'T Y'ALL TAKE ANOTHER STEP WITHIN #1'S! YANKEE, OR AN'LL LET YOU HAVE IT RIGHT BETWEEN YO' L'L OL' EYEBALLS!



ALL YOU #1'S! YANKEES...COMIN' THRO' HERE AN' SCRATCHIN' UP MAH NICE MARBLE FLOORS WITH THOSE HORRIBLE OL' SPIKES! IT MAKES ME SO STEAMIN' MAD! AN' BEIDES...YO' GOT NO CHEWIN' GUM!

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLOM!

NOT SUFFER FROM ENLARGED PORES!



REMEMBER THAT HEART-RENDING REMEDIATION SCENE WHEN SCARLIP DISCOVERS THAT THE LOVE SHE HAS SUAGED FOR ASHCAN WILKE ALL THESE YEARS HAS BEEN FOR NAUGHT? REMEMBER THE SCENE IN THE WOODSHED WHEN SCARLIP GETS SLAPPED DOWN? REMEMBER IT? HAH?



OH, ASHCAN...HONEY...IT'S SO WONDERFUL TO HAVE YOU HOME AGAIN!

YES, SCARLIP! IT'S GOOD TO RETURN TO MY BELOVED WIFE MALAGIE AND MY 10-MONTH-OLD BABY AFTER 3 LONG YEARS OF BEING AWAY! I'S FORGOTTEN EVERYTHIN' I EVER LEARNED ABOUT LOVE AND TRUTH AND BEAUTY IN THOSE 3 YEARS!

YOU BEEN TO HAVE BETTER A LITTLE JUSTY ON YOUR ARITHMETIC, TOO, ASHCAN, BOY!

OH, ASHCAN! WHY DON'T WE RUN AWAY TOGETHER. JUST YOU AND I? WE CAN BE HAPPY TOGETHER! I KNOW I CAN MAKE YOU HAPPY!

THIS IS KNOWN AS A MADNESS-DRIVEN LINE!

NO, SCARLIP! IT WOULDN'T WORK! MY WIFE MALAGIE WOULD NEVER UNDERSTAND! SHE'S FUNNY THAT WAY!

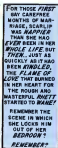


S.S. ASHCAN WILKE! YOU NEVER REALLY LOVED ME AT ALL! ALL THIS TIME, YOU'VE BEEN WAITIN' FO' YO' RETURN, WAITIN' FO' YOU T' COME AN' GRUSH ME IN TO SPINDLY ARMS...AN' ALL THIS TIME, YOU'VE BEEN IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER!

ANOTHER WHAT?

THUD!

SCARLIP, UNLADY MISGOD FOR THE SECOND TIME, (THE NAMED ANOTHER SHMUCK TO SAVE THEM-BA-BLOOM-FEE-AT FROM THE TAX COLLECTOR) FINALLY JOINED IN HAPPY UNION...DOPPEL-SORRY, MARRIAGE WITH ANNETT BUTTONS...NOW A RICH MAN AFTER 3 YEARS OF BOOTLEGGING, PLUNDERING, SUN-RUNNING, SMUGGLING, SPYING, AND SELLING SECRET PLANS TO THE ENEMY. INACTUALLY, ALL OF THESE ILLEGAL ENTERPRISES WERE JUST A FRONT FOR HIS REAL SOURCE OF INCOME...COMING BOOK PUBLISHING! (THE HONEYMOON, AROUND WHETT'S PRIVATE PADDLE-BOAT, STEAMING DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI, OFFERED US SUCH SPARKLING SITS OF CHALSOVER AS...



REMEMBER THE FURIAL, EMOTION-PAKED SCENE IN WHICH SCARLETT FURIOUS AT RHETT'S COOL INDIFFERENCE TOWARD HER, LUNGES BLINDLY AT HIM FROM atop THE LANDING OF THEIR VELVET CARPETED STAIRCASE...AND MISSES?

RHETT BUTTOM! YOU'RE JUST A CALLOUSED, HEART-LESS CUR! TAKE THAT...DOOPS!

I KNEW THIS TURTLE-NECK SWEATER YOU KNITTED FOR ME WOULD COME IN HANDY SOMEDAY!

OWN TO LUNAR!

HOPE YOU LIKE YOUR TRIP THIS FALL!

BDOINK!

BDOINK!

THUD!

HELP ME, RHETT! AM I WEAR? AM I HELPLESS? AM I CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE!

WELL, THEN, I GUESS THIS IS A GOOD TIME FOR ME TO TELL YOU THAT I'VE GOT MY CARPET BAGS PACKED AND I'M LEAVING YOU, SCARLETT!

LEAVING? AS I SAID ON PAGE FOUR, PANEL THREE... WHERE WILL YOU GO? WHAT WILL YOU DO?

SMARTER? YOU DON'T BELIEVE HER? YOU GOTTA CHECK? THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID! TAKE MY WORD FOR IT!

SO LONG, BARRY!

BUT, RHETT! WAIT! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME LIKE THIS! HOW WILL I RUN TARA-RA-BOOM-TEE-AY ALL BY MYSELF? AT LEAST BURN OVER YOUR HYDRO-ELECTRIC DAM TO ME SO I CAN IRRIGATE THE PEANUT CROP! PLEASE, RHETT! PLEASE!

HEARTY DEATH OF A COMRADE!

FRANKLY, SCARLETT! I DON'T GIVE A HYDRO-ELECTRIC DAM!

STAY OUT HERE!

IT MUST BE FUNNY... BUT I CAN'T THINK ABOUT IT NOW! I'LL THINK ABOUT IT TOMORROW!

EDITOR'S NOTE:

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO STILL CAN'T PIECE THE STORY TOGETHER FROM THE HIGHLIGHTS WE'VE JUST OFFERED HERE, WE RECOMMEND THAT YOU CATCH ENTW'S NEXT REVIVAL, JUST ONE WORD OF WARNING! TAKE AN OLD INNER TUBE TO THE MOVIE WITH YOU! THE PICTURE IS FOUR HOURS LONG... AND YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THAT KIND OF TIME ON A MOVIE SEAT CAN DO TO YOUR...



END